

A
P O E M
ON THE
LAST DAY.
IN THREE BOOKS.

BY
EDWARD YOUNG,
FELLOW OF ALL-SOULS COLLEGE, OXON.

Venit Summa Dies.———*VIRG.*

GLASGOW,
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T O T H E
Q U E E N.

M A D A M,

MY only title to the great honour I now do myself, is the obligation I have formerly received from your royal indulgence; which I remember with the utmost gratitude. I was indeed uneasy, 'till I had bethought my self of some means of relieving my heart, by expressing its acknowledgment. my inclination carried me to poetry; your virtues determined me to sacred poetry above all other; and in that kind there is no subject more exalted and affecting, than this which I have chosen. its very first mention snatches away the soul to the borders of eternity, surrounds it with wonders, opens to it on every hand the most surprising scenes of awe and astonishment, and terminates its view with nothing less than the fulness of glory, and the throne of God.

DEDICATION.

But this may seem a very improper season for any thing of so grave and solemn a nature to present itself before you, and mingle with the gaiety and splendor of universal joy and thanksgiving: yet if we consider that the thoughts which you will meet in the following pages, are such as are ever uppermost in your own heart; and that, in all probability, those great blessings, which your people now enjoy, are the reward of that religious bent of mind, and virtuous disposition in their Prince; I hope that may seem less foreign and unseasonable, which is the root of the felicity now flourishing among us, and shedding its ripened fruits on our land.

They are strangers to your Majesty, who think, when they write to the British throne, that victories and triumphs must be their constant theme; they know not there is something you hold much dearer than either your fortune or your glory. they have not attended to your unbounded charities; they have not heard of your royal care and generosity to those who

DEDICATION.

serve at the holy altar; they never sufficiently admired your resolution of building magnificently to the Lord, and setting wide the gates of salvation: in a word, they are still to be informed, that prudent councils and successful arms, well-ordered states, and humbled foes, are only the second glories of your most illustrious reign.

It is, MADAM, a prospect truly great, to behold you seated on your throne, surrounded with your faithful counsellors, and mighty men of war, issuing forth commands to your own people, or giving audience to the great Princes and powerful rulers of the earth. but why should we confine your glory here? I am pleased to see you rise from this lower world, soaring above the clouds, passing the first and second heavens, leaving the fixed stars behind you; nor will I lose you there, but keep you still in view thro' the boundless spaces on the other side of creation, in your journey toward eternal bliss, till I behold the heaven of heavens open, and angels receiving, and conveying you still onward from the stretch of my i-

DEDICATION.

magination, which tires in her pursuit, and falls back again to the earth.

What a panegyrick is it on human nature to consider, that it shall come to pass in some future time, thro' which the thread of your existence shall run, that you yourself may forget this glorious year, or make its remembrance only serve by comparison to recommend superior honours, and more splendid renown? let us tremble at the power of God, and adore the profusion of his goodness on us his creatures! we behold thee, O QUEEN! greater in peace than war, great in thy alliance, great in thyself; we see thee blessing thy people, and composing the strifes of Europe; we survey thee in this full light, this blaze of sublunary greatness, and own thy glory is not yet begun.

Such thoughts might appear too warm and affected on another occasion; but they are so natural to him who presents such a theme to such a QUEEN, that they are not without violence to be suppressed. when at your royal leisure you turn over the fol-

DEDICATION.

lowing sheets, if you find any thing that encourages virtue, or disheartens vice, let it intercede for pardon of my many defects and errors.

That your reign may be as pious as it is glorious, and give posterity as many instances of exemplary virtue and religion, as it will of eminent talents, and extraordinary capacities; that it may not only shine in history, and be great in the annals of the earth, but also be set down in the observation of angels, and with distinguished characters be written in the book of life, to give joy at the GREAT DAY; is the constant prayer of him who is, as most particularly obliged to be,

Your MAJESTY'S

Most Humble,

And Most Obedient Subject,

EDWARD YOUNG.

PROLOGUE

THE FIRST PART

OF THE HISTORY

AUTHOR

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V E R S E S

T O T H E

A U T H O R.

NOW let the Atheist tremble ; thou alone
Canst bid his conscious heart the Godhead own.
Whom shalt thou not reform ? O thou hast seen,
How God descends to judge the souls of men.
Thou heard'st the sentence how the guilty mourn,
Driven out from God, and never must return !

Yet more, behold ten thousand thunders fall,
And sudden vengeance wrap the flaming ball :
When nature sunk, when every bolt was hurl'd,
Thou saw'st the boundless ruins of the world.

When guilty Sodom felt the burning rain,
And sulphur fell on the devoted plain ;
The Patriarch thus the fiery tempest past,
With pious horror view'd the desert waste ;
The restless smoke still wav'd its curls around,
For ever rising from the glowing ground.

But tell me, oh ! what heav'nly pleasure tell,
To think so greatly, and describe so well !
How wast thou pleas'd the wond'rous theme to try,
And find the thought of man could rise so high ?

T O D R. Y O U N G.

Beyond this world the labour to pursue,
And open all eternity to view?

But thou art best delighted to rehearse
Heaven's holy dictates in exalted verse:
O thou hast power the harden'd heart to warm,
To grieve, to raise, to terrify, to charm;
To fix the soul on God; to teach the mind
To know the dignity of human kind;
By stricter rules well-govern'd life to scan,
And practise o'er the angel in the man.

Magd. Col.
Oxon.

T. WHARTON.

To a LADY with the LAST DAY.

M A D A M,

HERE, sacred truths, in lofty numbers told,
The prospect of a future state unfold :
The realms of night to mortal view display,
And the glad regions of eternal day.
This daring author scorns, by vulgar ways
Of guilty wit, to merit worthless praise.
Full of her glorious theme, his tow'ring muse,
With gen'rous zeal a nobler fame pursues :
Religion's cause her ravish'd heart inspires,
And with a thousand bright ideas fires ;
Transports her quick, impatient, piercing eye,
O'er the strait limits of mortality,
To boundless orbs, and bids her fearless soar,
Where only Milton gain'd renown before ;
Where various scenes alternately excite
Amazement, pity, terror, and delight.

Thus did the muses sing in early times,
'Ere skill'd to flatter vice, and varnish crimes :
Their lyres were tun'd to virtuous songs alone,
And the chaste Poet, and the Priest, were one.
But now forgetful of their infant state,
They sooth the wanton pleasures of the great :
And from the press, and the licentious stage,
With luscious poison taint the thoughtless age ;

ON DR. YOUNG'S LAST DAY.

Deceitful charms attract our wond'ring eyes,
And specious ruin unsuspected lies.
So the rich soil of India's blooming shores,
Adorn'd with lavish nature's choicest stores,
Where serpents lurk, by flowers conceal'd from sight,
Hides fatal danger under gay delight.

These purer thoughts from gross allays refin'd,
With heav'nly raptures elevate the mind :
Not fram'd to raise a giddy short-liv'd joy,
Whose false allurements, while they please, destroy ;
But bliss resembling that of saints above,
Sprung from the vision of th' Almighty's love :
Firm, solid bliss, for-ever great and new,
The more 'tis known, the more admir'd like you ;
Like you, fair nymph, in whom united meet
Endearing sweetness, unaffected wit,
And all the glories of your sparkling race,
While inward virtues heighten ev'ry grace.
By these secured, you will with pleasure read,
‘ Of future judgment, and the rising dead :
‘ Of time's grand period, heav'n and earth o'erthrown ;
‘ And gasping nature's last tremendous groan.’
These, when the stars and sun shall be no more,
Shall beauty to your ravag'd form restore :
Then shall you shine with an immortal ray,
Improv'd by death, and brighten'd by decay.

Pemb. Col.

Oxon.

T. TRISTRAM.

To Dr. Y O U N G.

On his *Last Day*, and *Universal Passion*.

AND must it be as thou hast sung,
Celestial bard, seraphic Young?
Will there no trace, no point be found
Of all this spacious glorious round?
Yon lamps of light, must they decay?
On nature's self destruction prey?
Then fame, the most immortal thing
Ev'n thou can't hope, is on the wing.
Shall Newton's system be admir'd,
When time and motion are expir'd?
Shall souls be curious to explore
Who rul'd an orb that is no more?
Or shall they quote the pictur'd age,
From Pope's and thy corrective page,
When vice and virtue lose their name
In deathless joy, or endless shame?
While wears away the grand machine,
The works of genius shall be seen?
Beyond, what laurels can there be,
For Homer, Horace, Pope, or thee?
Thro' life we chase, with fond pursuit,
What mocks our hope, like Sodom's fruit;
And sure, thy plan was well design'd,
To cure this madness of the mind;

TO DR. YOUNG.

First, beyond time our thoughts to raise;
Then last our love of transient praise.
In both, we own thy doctrine just;
And fame's a breath, and men are dust.

J. BANCKS.

1736.



THE

LAST DAY.

BOOK I.

*Ipse pater media nimborum in nocte, corusca
Fulmina molitur dextra; quo maxima motu
Terra tremit, fugere ferae, et mortalia corda
Per gentes, humilis stravit pavor.*—VIRG.

WHILE others sing the fortune of the great;
Empire and arms, and all the pomp of state;
With Britain's Hero * set their souls on fire,
And grow immortal as his deeds inspire;
I draw a deeper scene: a scene that yields
A louder trumpet, and more dreadful field;
The world alarm'd, both earth and heav'n o'erthrown,
And gasping nature's last tremendous groan;
Death's ancient sceptre broke, the teeming tomb,
The righteous judge, and man's eternal doom.

'Twixt joy and pain I view the bold design,
And ask my anxious heart, if it be mine.
Whatever great or dreadful has been done,
Within the sight of conscious stars or sun,

* The Duke of MARLBOROUGH.

Is far beneath my daring: I look down
 On all the splendors of the British crown.
 This globe is for my verse a narrow bound;
 Attend me all ye glorious worlds around!
 O! all ye angels, howsoe'er disjoin'd,
 Of every various order, place, and kind,
 Hear and assist a feeble mortal's lays,
 'Tis your Eternal King I strive to praise.

But chiefly thou, Great Ruler! Lord of all!
 Before whose throne arch-angels prostrate fall;
 If at thy nod, from discord, and from night
 Sprang beauty, and yon sparkling worlds of light,
 Exalt e'en me; all inward tumults quell;
 The clouds and darkness of my mind dispel;
 To my great subject thou my breast inspire,
 And raise my labouring soul with equal fire.

Man bear thy brow aloft, view every grace
 In God's great offspring, beauteous nature's face:
 See Spring's gay bloom; see golden Autumn's store;
 See how earth smiles, and hear old ocean roar.
 Leviathans but heave their cumb'rous mail,
 It makes a tide, and wind-bound navies sail.
 Here, forests rise, the mountains awful pride;
 Here, rivers measure climes, and worlds divide:
 There, vallies fraught with gold's resplendent seeds,
 Hold Kings, and kingdoms fortunes in their beds:
 There, to the skies, aspiring hills ascend,
 And into distant lands their shades extend.



BOOK I. THE LAST DAY. 47

View cities, armies, fleets ; of fleets the pride,
See Europe's law, in Albion's channel ride.
View the whole earth's vast landskip unconfin'd,
Or view in Britain all her glories join'd.

Then let the firmament thy wonder raise ;
'Twill raise thy wonder, but transcend thy praise.
How far from east to west ? the labouring eye
Can scarce the distant azure bounds descry :
Wide theatre ! where tempests play at large,
And God's right hand can all its wrath discharge.
Mark how those radiant lamps inflame the pole,
Call forth the seasons, and the year controul :
They shine thro' time, with an unalter'd ray :
See this grand period rise, and that decay :
So vast, this world's a grain ; yet myriads grace
With golden pomp the throng'd ethereal space ;
So bright, with such a wealth of glory stor'd,
'Twere sin in heathens not to have ador'd.

How great, how firm, how sacred all appears !
How worthy an immortal round of years !
Yet all must drop, as Autumn's sickliest grain,
And earth and firmament be sought in vain :
The track forgot where constellations shone,
Or where the Stuarts fill'd an awful throne :
Time shall be slain, all nature be destroy'd,
Nor leave an atom in the mighty void.

Sooner, or later, in some future date,
(A dreadful secret in the book of fate !)

10 THE LAST DAY. Book I.

This hour, for aught all human wisdom knows,
Or when ten thousand harvests more have rose ;
When scenes are chang'd on this revolving earth,
Old empires fall, and give new empires birth :
While other Bourbons rule in other lands,
And (if man's sin forbids not) other Annes :
While the still busy world is treading o'er
The paths they trod five thousand years before,
Thoughtless as those who now life's mazes run,
Of earth dissolv'd, or an extinguish'd sun.

(Ye sublunary worlds, awake, awake !
Ye rulers of the nations hear and shake !)
Thick clouds of darkness shall arise on day ;
In sudden night all earth's dominions lay ;
Impetuous winds the scatter'd forests rend ;
Eternal mountains like their cedars, bend ;
The valleys yawn, the troubled ocean roar,
And break the bondage of his wonted shore ;
A sanguine stain the silver moon o'erspread ;
Darkness the circle of the sun invade ;
From inmost heav'n incessant thunders roll,
And the strong echo bound from pole to pole.

When lo ! a mighty trump, one half conceal'd
In clouds, one half to mortal eye reveal'd,
Shall pour a dreadful note : the piercing call,
Shall rattle in the center of the ball ;
Th' extended circuit of creation shake,
The living die with fear, the dead awake.

I. **BOOK I. THE LAST DAY. 19**

Oh pow'rful blast ! to which no equal sound
Did e'er the frighted ear of nature wound,
Tho' rival clarions have been strain'd on high,
And kindled wars immortal through the sky,
Tho' God's whole enginry discharg'd, and all
The rebel angels bellow'd in their fall.

Have angels sinn'd ? and shall not man beware ?
How shall a son of earth decline the snare ?
Not folded arms, and slackness of the mind,
Can promise for the safety of mankind :
None are supinely good : thro' care and pain,
And various arts, the steep ascent we gain.
This is the scene of combat, not of rest,
Man's is laborious happiness at best ;
On this side death his dangers never cease,
His joys are joys of conquest, not of peace.

If then, obsequious to the will of fate,
And bending to the terms of human state,
When guilty joys invite us to their arms,
When beauty smiles, or grandeur spreads her charms,
The conscious soul would this great scene display,
Call down th' immortal hosts in dread array,
The trumpet sound, the christian banner spread,
And raise from silent graves the trembling dead ;
Such deep impression would the picture make,
No pow'r on earth her firm resolve could shake ;
Engag'd with angels she would greatly stand,
And look regardless down on sea and land ;

Not proffer'd worlds her ardour could restrain,
 And death might shake his threat'ning lance in vain;
 Her certain conquest would endear the fight,
 And danger serve but to supply delight.

Instructed thus to shun the fatal spring,
 Whence flow the terrors of that day I sing;
 More boldly we our labours may pursue,
 And all the dreadful image set to view.

The sparkling eye, the sleek and painted breast,
 The burnish'd scale, curl'd train, and rising crest,
 All that is lovely in the noxious snake,
 Provokes our fear, and bids us fly the brake:
 The sting once drawn, his guiltless beauties rise,
 In pleasing lustre, and detain our eyes;
 We view with joy, what once did horror move,
 And strong aversion softens into love.

Say then, my muse, whom dismal scenes delight,
 Frequent at tombs, and in the realms of night;
 Say, melancholy maid, if bold to dare
 The last extremes of terror and despair;
 Oh say, what change on earth, what heart in man,
 This blackest moment since the world began.

Ah mournful turn! the blissful earth who late
 At leisure on her axle roll'd in state;
 While thousand golden planets knew no rest,
 Still onward in their circling journey prest;
 A grateful change of seasons some to bring,
 And sweet vicissitude of fall and spring;

Some thro' vast oceans to conduct the keel,
 And some those watry worlds to sink, or swell :
 Around her some their splendors to display,
 And gild her globe with tributary day:
 This world so great, of joy the bright abode,
 Heav'n's darling child, and fav'rite of her God,
 Now looks an exile from her Father's care,
 Deliver'd o'er to darkness and despair.
 No sun in radiant glory shines on high ;
 No light, but from the terrors of the sky :
 Fall'n are her mountains, her fam'd rivers lost,
 And all into a second chaos tost :
 One universal ruin spreads abroad ;
 Nothing is safe beneath the throne of God.

Such, earth, thy fate : what then canst thou afford
 To comfort, and support thy guilty lord ?
 Man, haughty lord of all beneath the moon,
 How must he bend his soul's ambition down ?
 Prostrate the reptile own, and disavow
 His boasted stature, and assuming brow ?
 Claim kindred with the clay, and curse his form,
 That speaks distinction from his sister worm ?
 What dreadful pangs the trembling heart invade ?
 Lord, why dost thou forsake, whom thou hast made ?
 Who can sustain thy anger ? who can stand
 Beneath the terrors of thy lifted hand ?
 It flies the reach of thought ; oh save me, Pow'r
 Of pow'r's supreme, in that tremendous hour !

Thou, who beneath the frown of fate hast stood,
 And in thy dreadful agony sweat blood ;
 Thou, who for me thro' every throbbing vein
 Hast felt the keenest edge of mortal pain ;
 Whom death led captive thro' the realms below,
 And taught those horrid mysteries of woe ;
 Defend me, O my God ! oh save me, Pow'r
 Of pow'rs supreme, in that tremendous hour !

From east to west they fly, from pole to line,
 Imploring shelter from the wrath divine ;
 Beg flames to wrap, or whelming seas to sweep,
 Or rocks to yawn compassionately deep :
 Seas cast the monster forth to meet his doom,
 And rocks but prison up for wrath to come.

So fares a traitor to an earthly crown ;
 While death sits threat'ning in his Prince's frown,
 His heart's dismay'd ; and now his fears command
 To change his native for a distant land :
 Swift orders fly, the King's severe decree
 Stands in the channel, and locks up the sea ;
 The port he seeks, obedient to her Lord,
 Hurls back the rebel to his lifted sword.

But why this idle toil to paint that day ?
 This time elaborately thrown away ?
 Words all in vain pant after the distress,
 The height of eloquence would make it less ;
 Heav'ns ! e'en the good man trembles.—

And is there a last day ? and must there come
 A sure, a fix'd, inexorable doom ?
 Ambition swell, and thy proud sails to show,
 Take all the winds that vanity can blow ;
 Wealth, on a golden mountain blazing stand,
 And reach an India forth in either hand ;
 Spread all thy purple clusters, tempting vine,
 And thou, more dreaded foe, bright beauty shine ;
 Shine all ; in all your charms together rise ;
 That all, in all your charms, I may despise,
 While I mount upward on a strong desire,
 Born, like Elijah, in a car of fire.

In hopes of glory to be quite involv'd !
 To smile at death ! to long to be dissolv'd !
 From our decays a pleasure to receive !
 And kindle into transport at a grave !
 What equals this ? and shall the victor now
 Boast the proud laurels on his loaded brow ?
 Religion ! oh thou cherub, heavenly bright !
 Oh joys unmix'd, and fathomless delight !
 Thou, thou art all ; nor find I in the whole
 Creation aught, but God and my own soul.

For ever then, my soul, thy God adore,
 Nor let the brute creation praise him more.
 Shall things inanimate my conduct blame,
 And flush my conscious cheek with spreading shame ?
 They all for him pursue, or quit their end ;
 The mounting flames their burning pow'r suspend ;

24 THE LAST DAY. Book I.

In solid heaps th' unfrozen billows stand,
To rest and silence aw'd by his command:
Nay, the dire monsters that infest the flood,
By nature dreadful, and a-thirst for blood,
His will can calm, their savage tempers bind,
And turn to mild protectors of mankind.
Did not the Prophet this great truth maintain
In the deep chambers of the gloomy main;
When darkness round him all her horrors spread,
And the sea bellow'd o'er his sinking head?

When now the thunder roars, the lightning flies,
And all the warring winds tumultuous rise;
When now the foaming surges tost on high,
Disclose the sands beneath, and touch the sky;
When death draws near, the mariners aghast,
Look back with terror on their actions past;
Their courage sickens into deep dismay,
Their hearts thro' fear and anguish melt away;
Nor tears, nor pray'rs, the tempest can appease;
Now they devote their treasure to the seas;
Unload their shatter'd barque, tho' richly fraught,
And think the hopes of life are cheaply bought,
With gems and gold; but oh, the storm so high!
Nor gems nor gold the hopes of life can buy.

The trembling Prophet then, themselves to save,
They headlong plunge into the briny wave;
Down he descends, and booming o'er his head
The billows close; he's number'd with the dead.

(Hear, O ye just! attend, ye virtuous few!
And the bright paths of piety pursue.)

Lo! the great Ruler of the world from high
Looks smiling down with a propitious eye,
Covers his servant with his gracious hand,
And bids tempestuous nature silent stand;
Commands the peaceful waters to give place,
Or kindly fold him in a soft embrace:
He bridles in the monsters of the deep,
The bridled monsters awful distance keep;
Forget their hunger, while they view their prey;
And guiltless gaze, and round the stranger play.

But still arise new wonders; nature's Lord
Sends forth into the deep his pow'rful word,
And calls the great Leviathan: the great
Leviathan attends in all his state;
Exults for joy, and with a mighty bound
Makes the sea shake, and heav'n and earth resound;
Blackens the waters with the rising sand,
And drives vast billows to the distant land.

As yawns an earthquake, when imprison'd air
Struggles for vent, and lays the centre bare,
The whale expands his jaws enormous size:
The Prophet views the cavern with surprize;
Measures his monstrous teeth afar descry'd,
And rolls his wondring eyes from side to side:
Then takes possession of the spacious seat,
And sails secure within the dark retreat.

26 THE LAST DAY. BOOK I.

Now is he pleas'd the northern blast to hear,
And hangs on liquid mountains void of fear;
Or falls immerst into the depths below,
Where the dead silent waters never flow;
To the foundations of the hills convey'd,
Dwells in the shelving mountains dreadful shade:
Where plummet never reach'd, he draws his breath,
And glides serenely thro' the paths of death.

Two wondrous days and nights thro' coral groves,
Thro' labyrinths of rocks, and sands he roves:
When the third morning with its level rays
The mountains gilds, and on the billows plays,
It sees the king of waters rise, and pour
His sacred guest un-injur'd on the shore:
A type of that great blessing, which the muse
In her next labour ardently pursues.

I.

THE
LAST DAY:

BOOK II.

— Ἐκ γαίης ἐλπίζομεν εἰς φάος ἐλθεῖν
Αείψαν ἀποικοινομένων· ὀπίσω δὲ Θεοὶ τελέθονται.

PHOCYL.

i. e.

— *We hope, that the departed will rise again from
the dust: after which, like the Gods, they will be
immortal.*

NOW man awakes, and from his silent bed,
Where he has slept for ages, lifts his head;
Shakes off the slumber of ten thousand years,
And on the borders of new worlds appears.
Whate'er the bold, the rash adventure cost,
In wide eternity I dare be lost.
The muse is wont in narrow bounds to sing,
To teach the swain, or celebrate the King.
I grasp the whole, no more to parts confin'd,
I lift my voice, and sing to human kind:
I sing to men and angels; angels join,
While such the theme, their sacred songs with mine.

Again the trumpet's intermitted sound
Rolls the wide circuit of creation round,

26 THE LAST DAY. Book I.

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28 THE LAST DAY. Book II.

An universal concourse to prepare
 Of all that ever breath'd the vital air ;
 In some wide field, which active whirlwinds sweep,
 Drive cities, forests, mountains to the deep,
 To smooth and lengthen out th' unbounded space,
 And spread an area for all human race.

Now monuments prove faithful to their trust,
 And render back their long committed dust.
 Now charnels rattle ; scatter'd limbs, and all
 The various bones obsequious to the call,
 Self-mov'd advance ; the neck perhaps to meet
 The distant head, the distant legs the feet.
 Dreadful to view, see through the dusky sky
 Fragments of bodies in confusion fly,
 To distant regions journeying, there to claim
 Deserted members, and compleat the frame.

When the world bow'd to Rome's almighty sword,
 Rome bow'd to Pompey, and confess'd her lord.
 Yet one day lost, this deity below
 Became the scorn and pity of his foe.
 His blood a traitor's sacrifice was made,
 And smok'd indignant on a ruffian's blade.
 No trumpeter's sound, no gasping army's yell,
 Bid with due horror his great soul farewell.
 Obscure his fall ! all welt'ring in his gore,
 His trunk was cast to perish on the shore !
 While Julius frown'd the bloody monster dead,
 Who brought the world in his great rival's head.

This sever'd head and trunk shall join once more,
Tho' realms now rise between, and oceans roar.
The trumpet's sound each vagrant mote shall hear,
Or fix'd in earth, or if afloat in air,
Obey the signal wafted in the wind,
And not one sleeping atom lag behind.

So swarming bees, that on a summer's day
In airy rings, and wild meanders play,
Charm'd with the brazen sound, their wandrings end,
And gently circling on a bough descend.

The body thus renew'd, the conscious soul,
Which has perhaps been flutt'ring near the pole,
Or midst the burning planets wond'ring stray'd,
Or hover'd o'er, where her pale corps was laid ;
Or rather coasted on her final state,
And fear'd, or wish'd for her appointed fate :
This soul returning with a constant flame,
Now weds for ever her immortal frame.
Life, which ran down before, so high is wound,
The springs maintain an everlasting round.

Thus a frail model of the work design'd
First takes a copy of the builder's mind,
Before the structure firm with lasting oak,
And marble bowels of the solid rock,
Turns the strong arch, and bids the columns rise,
And bear the lofty palace to the skies ;
The wrongs of time enabled to surpass,
With bars of adamant, and ribs of brass.

30 THE LAST DAY. Book II.

That ancient, sacred, and illustrious * dome,
Where soon or late fair Albion's heroes come,
From camps, and courts, tho' great, and wise, and just,
To feed the worm, and moulder into dust ;
That solemn mansion of the royal dead,
Where passing slaves o'er sleeping monarchs tread,
Now populous o'erflows: a numerous race
Of rising Kings fill all th' extended space :
A life well spent, not the victorious sword,
Awards the crown, and stiles the greater lord.

Nor monuments alone, and burial-earth,
Labours with man to this his second birth ;
But where gay palaces in pomp arise,
And gilded theatres invade the skies,
Nations shall wake, whose unsuspected bones
Support the pride of their luxurious sons.
The most magnificent, and costly dome,
Is but an upper chamber to a tomb.
No spot, on earth, but has supply'd a grave,
And human skulls the spacious ocean pave.
All's full of man, and at this dreadful turn,
The swarm shall issue, and the hive shall burn.

Not all at once, nor in like manner rise :
Some lift with pain their slow unwilling eyes ;
Shrink backward from the terror of the light,
And bless the grave, and call for lasting night.

* Westminster-Abbey.

Others, whose long attempted virtue stood
 Fix'd as a rock, and broke the rushing flood,
 Whose firm resolve, nor beauty could melt down,
 Nor raging tyrants from their posture frown ;
 Such in this day of horrors shall be seen,
 To face the thunders with a God-like mien ;
 The planets drop, their thoughts are fix'd above ;
 The centre shakes, their hearts disdain to move :
 An earth dissolving, and a heav'n thrown wide,
 A yawning gulph, and fiends on every side,
 Serene they view, impatient of delay,
 And bless the dawn of everlasting day.

Oh wondrous change ! what unknown objects rise,
 Shake my belief, and fill me with surprize ?
 Here, Greatness prostrate falls, there, Strength gives
 place ;

Here, Lazars smile, there, Beauty hides her face.
 Christians, and Jews, and Turks, and Pagans stand,
 A blended throng, one undistinguish'd band.
 Some who perhaps by mutual wounds expir'd,
 With zeal for their distinct persuasions fir'd,
 In mutual friendship their long slumber break,
 And hand in hand their Saviour's love partake.

But none are flush'd with brighter joy, or warm
 With juster confidence enjoy the storm,
 Than those, whose pious bounties unconfin'd
 Have made them publick fathers of mankind.

32 THE LAST DAY. Book II

In that illustrious rank, what shining light
 With such distinguish'd glory fills my sight?
 Bend down, my grateful muse, that homage shew,
 Which to such worthies thou art proud to owe.
 Wickham! Fox! Chicbley! hail illustrious * names,
 Who to far distant times dispense your beams;
 Beneath your shades, and near your crystal springs,
 I first presum'd to touch the trembling strings.
 All hail thrice-honour'd! 'twas your great renown
 To bless a people, and oblige a crown.
 When other records length of years shall blast,
 In your adopted sons your fame shall last,
 And make those Kings to latest ages known,
 Those happy monarchs, under whom you shone:
 A moment shone, illustriously bright,
 Then left the mourning world, and set in night;
 But now you rise eternally to shine,
 Eternally to drink the rays divine.

Indulgent God! oh how shall mortal raise
 His soul to due returns of grateful praise,
 For bounty so profuse to human kind,
 Thy wondrous gift of an eternal mind?
 Shall I, who some few years ago was less
 Than worm, or mite, or shadow can express,
 Was nothing; shall I live, when ev'ry fire
 Of ev'ry star shall languish or expire?

* *Founders of New-College, Corpus-Christi, and All-Souls in Oxford.*

When earth's no more, shall I survive above,
 And through the radiant files of angels move?
 Or, as before the throne of God I stand,
 See new worlds rolling from his spacious hand,
 Where our adventures shall perhaps be taught,
 As we now tell how Michael sung or fought?
 All that has being in full concert join,
 And celebrate the depths of Love Divine!

But oh! before this blissful state, before
 Th' aspiring soul this wondrous height can soar,
 The Judge descending, thunders from afar,
 And all mankind is summon'd to the bar.

This mighty scene I next presume to draw:
 Attend, Great Anna, with religious awe.
 Expect not here the known successful arts
 To win attention, and command our hearts:
 Fiction be far way, let no machine
 Descending here, no fabled god be seen;
 Behold the GOD of Gods indeed descend,
 And worlds unnumber'd his approach attend.

Lo! the wide theatre, whose ample space
 Must entertain the whole of human race,
 At Heav'n's all-powerful edict is prepar'd,
 And fenc'd around with an immortal guard.
 Tribes, Provinces, Dominions, worlds o'erflow
 The mighty plain, and deluge all below:
 And every age, and nation pours along;
 Nimrod and Bourbon mingle in the throng:



34 THE LAST DAY. Book II.

Adam salutes his youngest son ; no sign
Of all those ages, which their births disjoin.

How empty learning, and how vain is art,
But as it mends the life, and guides the heart ?
What volumes have been swell'd, what time been
spent,

To fix a hero's birth-day or descent ?
What joy must it now yield, what rapture raise,
To see the glorious race of ancient days ?
To greet those Worthies, who perhaps have stood
Illustrious on record before the flood ?
Alas ! a nearer care your soul demands,
Caesar un-noted in your presence stands.

How vast the concourse, not in number more
The waves that break on the resounding shore,
The leaves that tremble in the shady grove,
The lamps that gild the spangled vaults above.
Those overwhelming armies, whose command
Said to one Empire, Fall ; another, Stand :
Whose rear lay wrapt in night, while breaking dawn
Rouz'd the broad front, and call'd the battle on :
Great Xerxes' world in arms, proud Cannae's field,
Where Carthage taught victorious Rome to yield,
(Another blow had broke the Fates decree,
And earth had wanted her fourth monarchy)
Immortal Blenheim, fam'd Ramillia's host,
They all are here, and here they all are lost :

Their millions swell to be discern'd in vain,
Lost as a billow in th' unbounded main.

This echoing voice now rends the yielding air,
& For judgment, judgment, sons of men, prepare !'
Earth shakes anew, I hear her groans profound,
And hell through all her trembling realms resound.

Whoe'er thou art, thou greatest pow'r of earth,
Blest with most equal planets at thy birth ;
Whose valour drew the most successful sword,
Most realms united in one common lord ;
Who on the day of triumph saidst, Be thine
The skies, Jehovah, all this world is mine :
Dare not to lift thine eye.—alas ! my muse,
How art thou lost ? what numbers canst thou chuse ?

A sudden blush inflames the waving sky,
And now the crimson curtains open fly ;
Lo ! far within, and far above all height,
Where heav'n's great Sovereign reigns in worlds of
light,

Whence nature he informs, and with one ray
Shot from his eye, does all her works survey,
Creates, supports, confounds ! where time, and place,
Matter, and form, and fortune, life and grace,
Wait humbly at the footstool of their God,
And move obedient at his awful nod ;
Whence he beholds us vagrant emmets crawl
At random on this air-suspended ball,

36 THE LAST DAY. Book II.

(Speck of creation) if he pour one breath,
The bubble breaks, and 'tis eternal death.

Thence issuing I behold (but mortal sight
Sustains not such a rushing sea of light!)
I see on an empyreal flying throne
Awfully rais'd Heav'n's everlasting Son;
Crown'd with that majesty, which form'd the world,
And the grand rebel flaming downward hurl'd.
Virtue, dominion, praise, omnipotence,
Support the train of their triumphant Prince.
A zone, beyond the thought of angels bright,
Around him like the zodiac winds its light.
Night shades the solemn arches of his brows,
And in his cheek the purple morning glows.
Where'er serene he turns propitious eyes,
Or we expect, or find a paradise:
But if resentment reddens their mild beams,
The Eden kindles, and the world's in flames.
On one hand, knowledge shines in purest light,
On one, the sword of justice fiercely bright.
Now bend the knee in sport, present the reed;
Now tell the scourg'd impostor he shall bleed!

But oh! you sons of men, exalt your voice,
And bid the soul through all her pow'rs rejoice:
Mercy, his darling, in his bosom found,
Scatters ambrosial odours all around;
Unbends his brow, and mitigates his frown,
And sooths his rage, and melts his thunders down.

I. BOOK II. THE LAST DAY. 37

My thoughts are chang'd ; now man exalt thine eye,
In thy dread judge thy dear Redeemer spy :
Ev'n Judas struggles his despair to quell ;
Hope almost blossoms in the shades of hell.

Thus glorious through the courts of heav'n, the
source

d, Of life and death eternal bends his course ;
Loud thunders round him roll, and lightnings play ;
Th' angelick host is rang'd in bright array :
Some touch the string, some strike the sounding shell,
And mingling voices with rich concert swell ;
Voices seraphic ; blest with such a strain,
Cou'd Satan hear, he were a God again :
All heav'n shines forth, in all her pomp compleat,
For God, himself, magnificently great.

Triumphant King of glory ! Soul of bliss !
What a stupendious turn of fate is this ?
Or whither art thou rais'd above the scorn,
And indigence of him, in Bethlem born ;
A needy, helpless, unaccounted guest,
And but a second to the fodder'd beast ?
How chang'd from him, who meekly prostrate laid,
Vouchsaf'd to wash the feet himself had made ?
From him, who was betray'd, forsook, deny'd,
Wept, languish'd, pray'd, bled, thirsted, groan'd,
and dy'd ;
Hung pierc'd and bare, insulted by the foe,
All heav'n in tears above, earth unconcern'd below,

38 THE LAST DAY. Book II.

And was't enough to bid the Sun retire?
Why did not nature at thy groan expire?
I see, I hear, I feel the Pangs Divine,
The world is vanish'd,——I am wholly thine.

Mistaken Caiaphas? ah! which blasphem'd,
Thou, or thy pris'ner? which shall be condemn'd?
Well might'st thou rend thy garments, well exclaim;
Deep are the horrors of eternal flame!
But God is good! 'tis wond'rous all! ev'n he
Thou gav'st to death, shame, torture, dy'd for thee.

Now the descending triumph stops its flight
From earth full twice a planetary height.
There all the clouds condens'd, two columns raise,
Distinct with orient veins, and golden blaze.
One fix'd on earth, and one in sea, and round
Its ample foot the swelling billows sound.
These an immeasurable arch support,
The grand tribunal of this awful court.
Sheets of bright azure, from the purest sky
Stream from the crystal arch, and round the columns
fly.

Death wrapt in chains low at the Basis lies,
And on the point of his own arrow dies.

Here high enthron'd th' Eternal Judge is plac'd,
With all the grandeur of his Godhead grac'd;
Stars on his robes in beauteous order meet,
And the Sun burns beneath his dreadful feet.

Book II. THE LAST DAY. 39

Now an archangel eminently bright,
From off his silver staff of wondrous height,
Unfurls the Christian flag, which waving flies,
And shuts and opens more than half the skies :
The cross so strong a red, it sheds a stain,
Where'er it floats, on earth, in air, or main ;
Flushes the hill, and sets on fire the wood,
And turns the deep-dy'd ocean into blood.

Oh formidable glory ! dreadful bright !
Refulgent torture to the guilty sight.
Ah turn, unwary muse, nor dare reveal
What horrid thoughts with the polluted dwell.
Say not (to make the Sun shrink in his beam)
Dare not affirm they wish it all a dream ;
Wish, or their souls may with their limbs decay,
Or God be spoil'd of his eternal sway.
But rather, if thou know'st the means, unfold
How they with transport may the scene behold.

Ah how ! but by repentance, by a mind
Quick, and severe its own offence to find ?
By tears, and groans, and never-ceasing care,
And all the pious violence of pray'r ?
Thus then with fervency till now unknown,
I cast my heart before th' eternal throne,
In this great temple, which the skies surround
For homage to its Lord, a narrow bound.

« O thou ! whose balance does the mountains weigh,
« Whose will the wild tumultuous seas obey,

40 THE LAST DAY. BOOK II.

: Whose breath can turn those watry worlds to flame,
 : That flame to tempest, and that tempest tame;
 : Earth's meanest son, with trembling, prostrate falls,
 : And on the plenty of thy goodness calls.

: Ah! give the winds all past offence to sweep,
 : To scatter wide, or bury in the deep:
 : Thy pow'r, my weakness may I ever see,
 : And wholly dedicate my soul to thee.
 : Reign o'er my will; my passions ebb and flow
 : At thy command, nor human motive know!
 : If anger boil, let anger be my praise,
 : And sin the graceful indignation raise.
 : My love be warm to succour the distress'd,
 : And lift the burden from the soul oppress'd.

: Oh may my understanding ever read
 : This glorious volume, which thy wisdom made!
 : Who decks the maiden Spring with flowry pride?
 : Who calls forth Summer, like a sparkling bride?
 : Who joys the mother Autumn's bed to crown?
 : And bids old Winter lay her honours down?
 : Not the great Ottoman, or greater Czar,
 : Not Europe's Arbitres of peace and war.
 : May sea and land, and earth and heav'n be join'd,
 : To bring th'eternal Author to my mind!
 : When oceans roar, or awful thunders roll,
 : May thoughts of thy dread vengeance shake my soul;
 : When earth's in bloom, or planets proudly shine,
 : Adore, my heart, the Majesty Divine.

' Thro' every scene of life, or peace, or war,
 ' Plenty, or want, thy glory be my care !
 ' Shine we in arms ? or sing beneath our vine ?
 ' Thine is the vintage, and the conquest thine :
 ' Thy pleasure points the shaft, and bends the bow ;
 ' The cluster blasts, or bids it richly flow :
 ' 'Tis thou that lead'st our pow'ful armies forth,
 ' And giv'st Great Anne thy sceptre o'er the north.

' Grant I may ever at the morning-ray
 ' Open with pray'r the consecrated day ;
 ' Tune thy great praise, and bid my soul arise,
 ' And with the mounting Sun ascend the skies :
 ' As that advances, let my zeal improve,
 ' And glow with ardour of consummate love ;
 ' Nor cease at eve, but with the setting Sun
 ' My endless worship shall be still begun.

' And oh ! permit the gloom of solemn night
 ' To sacred thought may forcibly invite.
 ' When this world's shut, and awful planets rise,
 ' Call on our minds, and raise them to the skies ;
 ' Compose our souls with a less dazzling sight,
 ' And shew all nature in a milder light ;
 ' How every boistrous thought in calms subsides !
 ' How the smooth'd spirit into goodness glides !
 ' O how divine ! to tread the milky way,
 ' To the bright palace of the Lord of day ;
 ' His court admire, or for his favour sue,
 ' Or leagues of friendship with his saints renew ;

42 THE LAST DAY. Book II.

- ‘ Pleas’d to look down, and see the world asleep,
- ‘ While I long vigils to its Founder keep !
- ‘ Canst thou not shake the centre ? oh controul,
- ‘ Subdue by force the rebel in my soul :
- ‘ Thou, who canst still the raging of the flood,
- ‘ Restrain the various tumults of my blood ;
- ‘ Teach me with equal firmness to sustain
- ‘ Alluring pleasure, and assaulting pain.
- ‘ O may I pant for thee in each desire !
- ‘ And with strong faith foment the holy fire !
- ‘ Stretch out my soul in hope, and grasp the prize,
- ‘ Which in eternity’s deep bosom lies !
- ‘ At the Great Day of recompence behold,
- ‘ Devoid of fear, the fatal book unfold !
- ‘ Then waded upward to the blissful seat,
- ‘ From age to age my grateful song repeat ;
- ‘ My light, my life, my God, my Saviour see,
- ‘ And rival angels in the praise of thee.’

THE
LAST DAY.

BOOK III.

*Esse quoque in satis reminiscitur affore tempus,
Quo mare, quo tellus, correptaque regia coeli
Ardeat, et mundi moles operosa laboret.*

OVID MET.

THE book unfolding, the resplendent seat
Of saints and angels, the tremendous fate
Of guilty souls, the gloomy realms of woe,
And all the horrors of the world below,
I next presume to sing: what yet remains
Demands my last, but most exalted strains.
And let the muse or now affect the sky,
Or in inglorious shades for ever ly.
She kindles, she's inflam'd so near the goal;
She mounts, she gains upon the starry pole;
The world grows less as she pursues her flight,
And the Sun darkens to her distant sight.
Heav'n opening all its sacred pomp displays,
And overwhelms her with the rushing blaze!

44 THE LAST DAY. Book III.

The triumph rings ! archangels shout around !
And echoing nature lengthens out the sound !

Ten thousand trumpets now at once advance ;
Now deepest silence lulls the vast expanse :
So deep the silence, and so strong the blast,
As nature dy'd, (when she had groan'd her last,
Nor man, nor angel moves ; the Judge on high
Looks round, and with his glory fills the sky :
Then on the fatal book his hand he lays,
When high to view supporting seraphs raise ;
In solemn form the rituals are prepar'd,
The seal is broken, and a groan is heard.
Not guilty fear, not fancy's self can draw
A meeting more august, of greater awe.
And thou, my soul, (oh fall to sudden pray'r,
And let the thought sink deep !) shalt thou be there ?

See on the left, (for by the great command
The throng divided falls on either hand ;)
How weak, how pale, how haggard, how obscene,
What more than death, in every face and mien ?
With what distress, and glarings of affright,
They shock the heart, and turn away the sight ?
In gloomy orbs their trembling eye-balls roll,
And tell the horrid secrets of the soul.
Each gesture mourns, each look is black with care,
And ev'ry groan is loaden with despair.
Reader, if guilty, spare the muse, and find
A truer image pictur'd in thy mind.

BOOK III. THE LAST DAY. 45

Should'st thou behold thy Brother, Father, Wife,
And all the soft companions of thy life,
Whose blended int'rests levell'd at one aim,
Whose mix'd desires sent up one common flame,
Divided far; thy wretched self alone
Cast on the left, of all whom thou hast known;
How wou'd it wound? what millions wou'd'st thou
give

For one more trial, one day more to live?
Plung back in time an hour, a moment's space,
To grasp with eagerness the means of grace;
Contend for mercy with a pious rage,
And in that moment to redeem an age?
Drive back the tide, suspend a storm in air,
Restrain the Sun; but still of this despair.

Mark on the right, how amiable a grace!
Their Maker's Image fresh in ev'ry face!
What purple bloom my ravish'd soul admires,
And their eyes sparkling with immortal fires!
Triumphant beauty! charms that rise above
This world, and in blest angels kindle love!
To the great Judge with holy pride they turn,
And dare behold th' Almighty's anger burn;
Its flash sustain, against its terror rise,
And on the dread Tribunal fix their eyes.
Are these the forms that moulder'd in the dust?
Oh the transcendent glory of the just!

Yet still some thin remains of fear and doubt,
Th' infected brightness of their joy pollute.

Thus the chaste Bridegroom, when the Priest draws
nigh,

Beholds his blessing with a trembling eye,
Feels doubtful passions throb in every vein,
And in his cheeks are mingled joy and pain,
Lest still some intervening chance should rise,
Leap forth at once, and snatch the glorious prize,
Inflame his woe, by bringing it so late,
And stab him in the crisis of his fate.

Since Adam's family, from first to last,
Now into one distinct survey is cast,
Look round, vain-glorious muse, and you whoe'er
Devote yourselves to fame, and think her fair,
Look round, and view the lights of human race,
Whose shining acts time's brightest annals grace;
Who founded sects; crowns conquer'd, or resign'd;
Gave names to nations; or sam'd empires join'd;
Who rais'd the vale, and laid the mountain low;
And taught obedient rivers where to flow;
Who with vast fleets, as with a mighty chain,
Cou'd bind the madness of the roaring main:
All lost? all undistinguish'd? no where found?
How will this truth in Bourbon's palace sound?
Round gilded roofs how heavy will it fly?
With what a weight on crowns and sceptres ly?

I. Book III. THE LAST DAY. 47

E'en great and good Augustus is not seen,
Nor haughty Babylon's victorious Queen.

What then is he, * who 'midst the radiant bands
Of spotless saints, and laurel'd martyrs stands,
Conspicuous from afar? whose rays so bright
Solicit, and attract the ravish'd sight?

In whom I see two distant virtues join'd,
A royal greatness, and an humble mind?
His lifted hands his lofty neck surround,
To hide the scarlet of a circling wound;
Th' Almighty Judge bends forward from his throne,
These scars to mark, and then regards his own.
Jerusalem's foundations groan aloud,
And Albion sinks beneath her ambient cloud.

Not far, methinks, I kindred-features trace
In a majestick, tho' a female face,
Her consort by; around them smiling move
Theauteous blossoms of their fruitful love:
Known of their parents, they their parents know;
Their bosoms with a double transport glow;
Blest in themselves, but more than blest to find
All held most dear in equal blessing join'd.
In one, superior majesty appears,
Advanc'd in beauty, as advanc'd in years.
What melting sweetness, what commanding grace
Meet on his brow, like victory and peace?

* King CHARLES I.

48 THE LAST DAY. Book III.

Oh ! to what fav'rite part of human-kind
Was this so great, but dangerous gift design'd ?
What nation humbly cou'd enjoy his reign ?
If lost, with patience such a loss sustain ?

Ah say Britannia, whence this vengeance flow'd ?
Hast thou not yet aton'd thy martyr's blood ?
Edwards and Henrys still aloud resound ?
Nor are their names in greater Gloster drown'd ;
Oh ! what a godlike race in him is lost ?
What has his death e'en future ages cost ?

But us'd with art, and rightly understood,
All dispensations from above are good ;
And though with frightful aspect they surprize,
Most ills are only blessings in disguise.
Oh happy issue ! to whom ne'er was known
The bright temptations sparkling from a throne ;
Great Parents ! who those bright temptations knew,
Knowing engag'd, engaging overthrew.

Now, just reward ! celestial crowns enclose
With deathless glories your victorious brows.
For see the volume vast, since time begun
Just register of all beneath the Sun,
Is thrown full wide ; peace ocean ! silence lull
The sounding winds ! ye spheres forbear to roll !
Hear, O Creation, thy Great Master speak !
Now first for guilty man blest angels shake.

That hour, on which th' Almighty King on high
From all eternity has fix'd his eye,

Book III. THE LAST DAY.

Whether his right hand favour'd, or annoy'd,
Continu'd, alter'd, threaten'd, or destroy'd,
Southern or eastern sceptre downward hurl'd,
Gave north or west dominion o'er the world;
The point of time, for which the world was built,
For which the Blood of God himself was spilt,
That dreadful moment is arriv'd.

Aloft, the seats of bliss their pomp display
Brighter than brightness, the distinguish'd day;
Less glorious, when of old th' Eternal Son
From realms of night return'd with trophies won;
Thro' Heav'n's high gates, when he triumphant rod,
And shouting angels hail'd the Victor God.
Horrors, beneath, darkness in darkness, hell
Of hell; where torments behind torments dwell;
A furnace formidable, deep and wide,
O'er-boiling with a mad sulphureous tide,
Expands its jaws, most dreadful to survey,
And roars outrageous for the destin'd prey.
The sons of light scarce unappal'd look down,
And nearer press Heav'n's everlasting throne.

Such is the scene, and one short moment's space
Concludes the hopes and fears of human race.
Proceed who dares,—I tremble as I write;
The whole creation swims before my sight:
I see, I see the Judge's frowning brow;
Say not 'tis distant, I behold it now;

THE LAST DAY. Book III.

I faint, my tardy blood forgets to flow,
My soul recoils at the stupendous woe ;
That woe, those pangs, which from the guilty breast
In these, or words like these, shall be express'd.

‘ Who burst the barriers of my peaceful grave ?
‘ Ah ! cruel death that wou’d no longer save,
‘ But grudg’d me e’en that narrow dark abode,
‘ And cast me out into the wrath of God ;
‘ Where shrieks, the roaring flame, the rattling chain,
‘ And all the dreadful eloquence of pain,
‘ Our only song ; black fire’s malignant light,
‘ The sole refreshment of the blasted sight.

‘ Must all those pow’rs, Heav’n gave me to supply
‘ My soul with pleasure, and bring in my joy,
‘ Rise up in arms against me, join the foe,
‘ Sense, Reason, Memory, increase my woe ?
‘ And shall my voice, ordain’d on hymns to dwell,
‘ Corrupt to groans, and blow the fires of hell ?
‘ Oh ! must I look with terror on my gain,
‘ And with existence only measure pain ?
‘ What ! no reprieve, no least indulgence giv’n,
‘ No beam of hope from any point of heav’n !
‘ Ah mercy ! mercy ! art thou dead above ?
‘ Is love extinguish’d in the source of love ?

‘ Bold that I am, did Heav’n stoop down to hell ?
‘ Th’ expiring Lord of Life my ransom seal ?
‘ Have I not been industrious to provoke ?
‘ From his embraces obstinately broke ?

BOOK III. THE LAST DAY. 51

- ‘ Pursued, and panted for his mortal hate,
‘ Earn’d my destruction, labour’d out my fate ?
‘ And dare I on extinguish’d love exclaim ?
‘ Take, take full vengeance, rouse the slack’ning flame ;
‘ Just is my lot——but oh ! must it transcend
‘ The reach of time, despair a distant end ?
‘ With dreadful growth shoot forward, and arise,
‘ Where thought can’t follow, and bold fancy dies !
‘ Never ! where falls the soul at that dread sound ?
‘ Down an abyss how dark, and how profound ?
‘ Down, down (I still am falling, horrid pain !)
‘ Ten thousand thousand fathoms still remain ;
‘ My plunge but still begun.—and this for sin ?
‘ Cou’d I offend, if I had never been,
‘ But still increas’d the senseless happy mass,
‘ Flow’d in the stream, or flourish’d in the grass ?
‘ Father of mercies ! why from silent earth
‘ Did’st thou awake, and curse me into birth ?
‘ Tear me from quiet, ravish me from night,
‘ And make a thankless present of thy light ?
‘ Push into being a reverse of thee,
‘ And animate a clod with misery ?
‘ The beasts are happy, they come forth and keep
‘ Short watch on earth, and then lay down to sleep.
‘ Pain is for man, and oh ! how vast a pain
‘ For crimes, which made the Godhead bleed in vain ?
‘ Stifled his groans, as far as in them lay,
‘ And flung his agonies, and death away ?

- ‘ As our dire punishment for ever strong,
‘ Our constitution too for ever young,
‘ Curs’d with returns of vigour, still the same,
‘ Powerful to bear, and satisfy the flame.
‘ Still to be caught, and still to be pursu’d !
‘ To perish still, and still to be renew’d !
‘ And this, My Help ! My God ! at thy decree ?
‘ Nature is chang’d, and hell shou’d succour me.
‘ And canst thou then look down from perfect bliss,
‘ And see me plunging in the dark abyss ?
‘ Calling thee father, in a sea of fire ?
‘ Or pouring blasphemies at thy desire ?
‘ With mortals anguish wilt thou raise thy name,
‘ And by my pangs Omnipotence proclaim ?
‘ Thou, who canst toss the planets to and fro,
‘ Contract not thy great vengeance to my woe ;
‘ Crush worlds ; in hotter flames fall’n angels lay ;
‘ On me Almighty wrath is cast away.
‘ Call back thy thunders, Lord, hold in thy rage,
‘ Nor with a speck of wretchedness engage :
‘ Forget me quite, nor stoop a worm to blame,
‘ But lose me in the greatness of thy name.
‘ Thou art all love, all mercy, all Divine,
‘ And shall I make those glories cease to shine ?
‘ Shall sinful man grow great by his offence,
‘ And from its course turn back Omnipotence ?
‘ Forbid it ! and oh ! grant, Great God, at least
‘ This one, this slender, almost no request ;

' When I have wept a thousand lives away,
 ' When torment is grown weary of its prey,
 ' When I have rav'd ten thousand years in fire,
 ' Ten thousand thousands, let me then expire.'

Deep anguish ! but too late; the hopeless soul
 Bound to the bottom of the burning pool,
 Though loth, and every loud blaspheming owns
 He's justly doom'd to pour eternal groans;
 Enclos'd with horrors, and transfix'd with pain,
 Rolling in vengeance, struggling with his chain :
 To talk to fiery tempests, to implore
 The raging flame to give its burnings o'er,
 To tofs, to writhe, to pant beneath his load,
 And bear the weight of an offended God.

The favour'd of their Judge, in triumph move
 To take possession of their thrones above;
 Satan's accurs'd desertion to supply,
 And fill the vacant stations of the sky;
 Again to kindle long extinguish'd rays,
 And with new lights dilate the heavenly blaze;
 To crop the roses of immortal youth,
 And drink the fountain-head of sacred truth;
 To swim in seas of bliss, to strike the string,
 And lift the voice to their Almighty KING;
 To lose eternity in grateful lays,
 And fill Heav'n's wide circumference with praise.

But I attempt the wond'rous height in vain,
 And leave unfinish'd the too lofty strain:

54 THE LAST DAY. Book III.

What boldly I begin, let others end;
My strength exhausted fainting I descend,
And chuse a less, but no ignoble theme,
Dissolving elements, and worlds in flame.

The fatal period, the great hour is come,
And nature shrinks at her approaching doom;
Loud peals of thunder give the sign, and all
Heav'n's terrors in array surround the ball;
Sharp lightnings with the meteors blaze conspire,
And darted downward set the world on fire;
Black rising clouds the thicken'd æther choak,
And spiry flames shoot through the rolling smoke,
With keen vibrations cut the fullen night,
And strike the darken'd sky with dreadful light;
From Heav'n's four regions with immortal force
Angels drive on the wind's impetuous course,
T'enrage the flame; it spreads, it soars on high,
Swells in the storm, and billows through the sky.
Here winding pyramids of fire ascend,
Cities and defarts in one ruin blend;
Here, blazing volumes wasted overwhelm
The spacious face of a far distant realm:
There, undermin'd, down rush eternal hills,
The neighbouring vales the vast destruction fills.

Hear'st thou that dreadful crack? that sound,
which broke

Like peals of thunder, and the centre shook?

BOOK III. THE LAST DAY. 55

What wonders must that groan of nature tell?
Olympus there, and mightier Atlas fell;
Which seem'd above the reach of fate to stand,
A tow'ring monument of God's right hand;
Now dust and smoak, whose brow so lately spread
O'er shelter'd countries its diffusive shade.

High midst the clouds the boiling ocean roars,
And looks far down on his decreasing shores;
Leviathans in plaintive thunder cry,
In distant, dismal pants the long-liv'd echoes die.

Shew me that celebrated spot, where all
The various rulers of the sever'd ball
Have humbly fought wealth, honour, and redress,
That land which Heav'n seem'd diligent to bless,
Once call'd Britannia: can her glories end?
And can't surrounding seas her realms defend?
Alas! in flames behold surrounding seas!
And all their waters but augment the blaze.

Some angel say, where ran proud Asia's bound,
Or where with fruits was fair Europa crown'd?
Where stretch'd waste Lybia? where did India's store
Sparkle in diamonds, and her golden oar?
Each lost in each, their mingling kingdoms glow,
And all dissolv'd, one fiery deluge flow:
Thus earth's contending monarchies are join'd,
And a full period of ambition find.

And now whate'er or swims, or walks, or flies,
Inhabitants of sea, of earth, or skies;

56 THE LAST DAY. Book III.

All on whom Adam's wisdom fix'd a name,
All plunge, and perish in the conquering flame.

This globe alone would but defraud the fire,
Starve its devouring rage : the flakes aspire,
And catch the clouds, and make the Heav'ns their
prey ;

The Sun, the Moon, the Stars all melt away,
And leave a mighty blank : involv'd in flame,
The whole creation sinks ! the glorious frame,
In which ten thousand worlds in radiant dance,
Orb above orb their wondrous course advance,
By that o'er-ruling hand, which kindled all
The stars, and rounded in its palm the ball,
Is crush'd and lost ; no monument, no sign,
Where once so proudly blaz'd the gay machine.
So bubbles on the foaming stream expire,
So sparks that scatter from the kindling fire ;
The devastations of one dreadful hour,
The Great Creator's Six Day's work devour.

How rich that God who can such charge defray,
And bear to fling ten thousand worlds away ?
Great wealth ! and yet (ye nations hear !) one soul
Has more to boast, and far outweighs the whole ;
Exalted in superior excellence,
Casts down to nothing, such a vast expence.
Have ye not seen th' eternal mountains nod,
An earth dissolving, a descending God ?

What strange surprizes thro' all nature ran?
For whom these revolutions, but for man?
For him Omnipotence new measures takes,
For him through all eternity awakes;
Pours on him gifts sufficient to supply
Heav'n's loss, and with fresh glories fill the sky.

Think deeply then, O man, how great thou art,
Pay thy self homage with a trembling heart;
What angels guard, no longer dare neglect,
Slighting thy self, affront not God's respect.
Enter the sacred temple of thy breast,
And gaze, and wander there a ravish'd guest;
Gaze on those hidden treasures, thou shalt find,
Wander thro' all the glories of thy mind.
Of perfect knowledge, see, the dawning light
Fortels a noon most exquisitely bright!
Here, Springs of endless joy are breaking forth!
There, buds the promise of celestial worth!
Worth, which must ripen in a happier clime,
And brighter Sun, beyond the bounds of time.
Thou, Minor, canst not guess thy vast estate,
What stores, on foreign coasts, thy landing wait.
Lose not thy claim, let virtue's paths be trod;
Thus glad all Heav'n, and please that bounteous God,
Who to light thee to pleasures, hung on high
Yon radiant orb, proud Regent of the sky:
That service done, its beams shall fade away,
And God shine forth in one Eternal Day.

THE END.

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